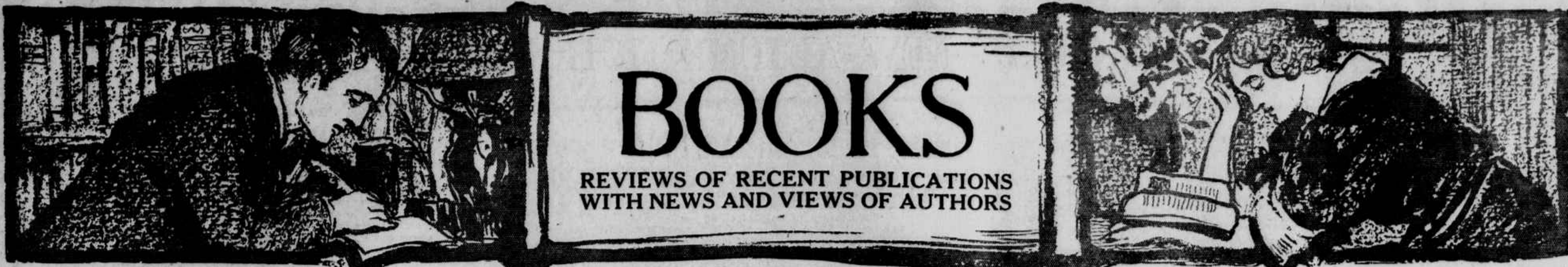


Soundings in the Sea of Ink

Architect and Advertising Expert Help Decorate the Everyday World

Wind in the Pines.

IT is not good for words, any more than for man, to be alone. I think they are never quite happy without pictures or music or the sound of the friendly voice uttering them. They were music and they were pictures before ever they hardened into forms that would fit into a dictionary.

A book has been made out of the silhouettes by Mrs. Lucy Gibbons Morse, "Breezes" (Houghton Mifflin). There are a few words in it, but not many. Amy Lowell speaks the foreword—when is she free to write free verse between these multitudinous prefaces?

It seems that Mrs. Morse has been making these marvellous little decorations for years. Before Barrie put Peter and Wendy in the Tree House, she had filled her pine branches and thistle stalks with boys and girls that will never grow up—nor come down, we hope, to the ground.

This is good American art. As Miss Lowell says, "Here are the pine trees which crowd along the sandy shores of Cape Cod, the woodbine which twines over the porches and round the windows of the white houses, the thistles and clover and sorrels of the open pastures above the low bluffs . . . Mrs. Morse must have watched trees for hours to capture these moods of wind among them as she has done, and to embody them in the little people of her fancy."

The three silhouettes that decorate Soundings this week are all reproduced from Mrs. Morse's book. It doesn't matter if the Ariels of the treetops distract the reader's attention from graver topics. Even these are not unworthy of serious meditation. With what courage they go about their perilous play! No, it is not courage, for they live in a world where fear never comes—the world of the free winds, moving without effort, dancing, floating, falling to a thistle top. They bring a joyous mutiny into a solemn world, but in their mutiny is music and music is order.

• • •

Advertising Is an Art.

ALL the world's a store, and all the men and women merely sellers—or merely buyers, as the case may be. If you doubt it look at the literature of buying and selling. Note the authorship of such books. There is our old friend Frank Alvah Parsons, gospeller of art, evangelist of beauty in the home and on the person (see "Interior Decoration" and "The Psychology of Dress"), coming out with "The Art Appeal in Display Advertising." (Harper & Brothers). And Prof. Harry Dexter Kitson of Indiana University turns his X-ray on "The Mind of the Buyer" (Macmillan).

A commercial age! groans the pessimist. Pure philosophy turned pragmatism, the arts and sciences all

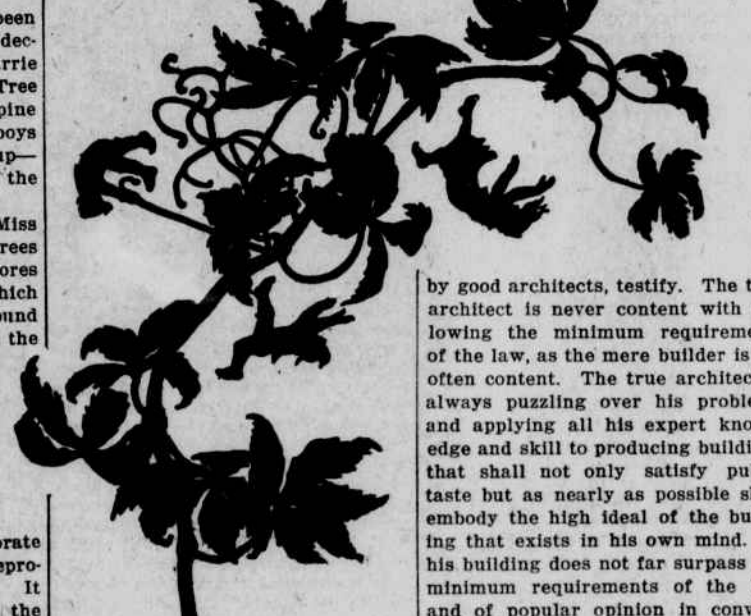
sold and carried away into Egypt—slaves of business.

Sounds bad, but it's a lie and a stupid one. If a living art is ever a slave it is only for a time. Whatever Potiphars, Pharaohs or other powers there be, they soon discover their need of the despised stranger and presently make him lord of the household and prime minister.

We wrong ourselves, deprive ourselves of a richer, happier life, when we try to limit beauty to the museum and religion to the church on Sundays. In the end even the churches and the picture galleries would fall into disuse where the spirit they represent had no place in the people's actual daily life.

Mr. Parsons makes no bones about calling advertising an art. He wouldn't get so excited over it if there were no art possibilities to be developed. And luckily for the rest of us, he has the power to interest others and to show them how they can apply everlasting principles to the needs of to-day.

"Advertising," he writes "(the newest and the most virile of the so-called applied arts), can no more reach its highest state of efficiency without the art quality than could architecture, sculpture, cabinetmaking, or dressmaking, for in each field



of man's expression of life's needs one must reckon with the *idea* or concept of the answer to this need, the *materials* with which this idea is to be expressed, and the essential *technic* to express it adequately and efficiently. Harmony between the idea and the material expression is always vital. It is useless to reproduce the Pantheon to express the idea apartment-hotel, or to waste space, labor and materials on elaborate Louis XV. borders around advertisements whose goods and whose copy would more likely suggest Zululand or modern bourgeois war profiteers."

And he shows why these things are so. Advertising results, like everything else that is human, are based on the working of the mind:

"Ideas comprising the advertiser's message are conceived in the same mind that conceives other ideas, and the same physical machinery is used in performing the mental operation. This special brand of ideas is related to all others in the processes of conception, and likewise in the relationship of the idea to its expression in material form. This truth emphasizes for us the absolute necessity of seeing the art of advertising in its relation with other manifestations of life, rather than as an isolated art or even as a science.

"Seeing relationships of this kind soon leads one to look for the principles which control human action and those dictating the safe and sane use of the materials with which one expresses his thoughts and feelings, rather than unimportant details of isolated individual problems separated from everything else in life."

In Prof. Kitson's book, though advertising is only incidentally treated, its appeal is analyzed. He puts the accent on the information conveyed.

The public wants to know more about the goods offered and about the men and women who make them. This is another way of saying that advertising is growing more human.

• • •

"More Stately Mansions."

HOUSES are built for us to look at as well as to live in. Or rather, there is a sense in which their outer walls surround us as truly as the rooms we call our own. The buildings we pass on the street close in our little world. Our thoughts and emotions are modified by their presence, they give color and shape to the very structure of our minds.

We might get more out of this daily association with architecture if we knew a little more about the principles of construction. A good book to learn them from is Talbot F. Hamlin's "The Enjoyment of Architecture." (Scribner's).

The author has a good deal to say of the social values of his art. In no class of buildings is this illustrated better than in school buildings.

"The modern school house is airy and conveniently arranged, and often the most carefully thought out building in the community. For this state of things the architect is directly responsible. Even before public opinion had awakened to the horrors of dirty and dangerous schools the architect had devoted a great deal of thought to the problem, as many of the older schools, when designed by good architects, testify. The true architect is never content with following the minimum requirements of the law, as the mere builder is too often content. The true architect is always puzzling over his problems and applying all his expert knowledge and skill to producing buildings that shall not only satisfy public taste but as nearly as possible shall embody the high ideal of the building that exists in his own mind. If his building does not far surpass the minimum requirements of the law and of popular opinion in convenience, in efficiency, in sanitation, in beauty and in safety the architect feels that he has failed. The mental result is the raising of the taste of the community to a new level; for good things which the public has once enjoyed it is very loath to part with.

"The material result also is immeasurable. New York city's newer schools are a wonderful civic possession, and so are the schools in a thousand different towns and cities, all because in them architects have striven to do their work sincerely and well. Particularly in California has the school architecture risen to a high level of public service, because there the community conscience seems to have been developed to an unusual degree and because economic conditions and the moderate climate have given the architect a greater freedom to build according to his ideals. If education is the great hope of progressive democracy, surely in building the many windowed and efficient schools of New York or St. Louis, or the invitingly delightful, wide spreading, one storied schools of California, American architects have performed a conspicuous public service, and architecture has been truly the expression of the awakening social conscience of the nation."

Architecture has a close relation to all the other arts. Music, the drama, the dance, modify the structure of the buildings that house them. Painting and sculpture are often inseparable from the walls they decorate.

But apart from these obvious relationships there are some that go deeper. In the plan of a building it is possible to get a more direct feeling of the law of proportion that holds good in all the arts than anywhere else.

It is possible also to observe the way beauty and use go hand in hand. Part of the task of the architect is to discover in the necessities of the case his chance to create and in creating to satisfy some of the nobler necessities of our nature. When he does, not only do we live in the house but it lives in us and enriches our life.

Kitchener Could Not Change His Way

Pathetic View of British War Chief In Correspondence With Lord Esher

THE TRAGEDY OF LORD KITCHENER. By Reginald Viscount Esher. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"BETWEEN Gordon and Kitchener there was a bond," writes Lord Esher, "the bond of the desert; of great solitudes, of open spaces—a close tie that the desert men understand. . . . Lord Kitchener's aloofness, patience, slowness if you will, were the outcome of life lived in solitude where the passage of time counted for little. . . . He would have loved to build a pyramid. . . . When he thought of war it was after the manner of Darius—slow moving hordes concentrating upon their objective with fatal method."

The war called Kitchener back into service, but he "was no longer the K. of K. of the Sudan and South Africa of twenty years before, and he only as yet was aware of the tragic fact. Self-reliance, self-sufficiency, hatred of the written word, dislike of functions, the habit of verbal orders were still a part of his being, but they were ghosts of their old selves. The armor of his soul had rusted. . . . He was imperfectly informed. He had no knowledge of the organization of the army or the methods of Parliamentary control and all that these things mean in the administration of a public office. In this novel sphere he was baffled and lost confidence in himself. . . . He was no longer breathing in a world of wide spaces, but of narrow streets."

Lord Esher proceeds to unfold rapidly the events of the first eighteen months of the war as revealed to his personal observation and by the letters written to him by Lord Kitchener, who was his intimate friend. The journals of Lord Esher and the correspondence upon which the present volume is based have been deposited in the British Museum for the traditional sixty year period. We should be grateful for this all too brief account of that great and dramatic figure who the author rightly compares to Saul, "from his head and shoulders and upward, higher than any of his people."

Although hampered by his ignorance of office method and the restraints imposed upon him by the Cabinet, Kitchener managed to accomplish several things of paramount importance, most valuable of which was the raising of an army. His irresolution on the subject of conscription later on, his inability to discuss and compromise with his associates, the conflict with Sir John French on the subject of munitions, resulting in the establishment of the Munitions Ministry, successively weakened his position.

"If during the early months of 1915 twenty years of life could have been lifted from his shoulders," remarks Lord Esher, "or if the K. of K. who still flashed at times to the surface could have been guaranteed the aloofness in which his mind worked best, the question as to what effect Lord Kitchener's force and spirit would have produced on the course of the war is of irresistible interest. During those months, which under circumstances more adapted to a full manifestation of his peculiar gifts might have proved to be the grand epoch of his life, his steps began to falter and his influence to wane. . . . Left to himself he would have selected, as all his friends knew, some point in the Near East, and would have launched an attack with every man and gun and shell which could have been begged, borrowed or stolen from the western front. He could take great risks, but only when he could take time. Given a free rein, his decision once made, there would have been no halting, no stammering when the moment came. But his hand was forced, and the tragic glories of Gallipoli, followed by the collapse of Russia, left the Allies no battle ground except the western front."

Lord Kitchener Reviewing Native Troops in India

During the latter months of his life when power and authority were being shorn from him, a scene occurred which testifies to the breaking of the iron Kitchener.

"In the evening the English official bags arrived by special messenger," continues the author, "Lord K. was much moved by two letters full of regret and expressions of fidelity—one from Sir John Cowans, the other from Sir Herbert Creedy, his private secretary. In the dingy room, he occupied at the top of the British Embassy he stood with his back to the fire while the letters were being read aloud to him by Fitzgerald. He was standing with bowed head as he listened, and when he raised it his eyes were full of tears. When he broke the silence he spoke of the dislike felt for him by his colleagues, adding: 'Asquith is my only friend.' One present told him that an eminent member of the Cabinet had complained that he was wanting in candor and too fond of what were supposed to be 'Oriental methods.' He said quite humbly: 'Yes, I suppose it is so; but I am an old man, and I cannot change my habits—it is too late.'

"It was a curious momentary haunting glimpse of the real Kitchener—massive, inarticulate, shy, and emotional. He seemed with all his great achievements for a background, a noble creature, of good, wholesome color, in spite of the few darker threads that traversed the tapestry of his character."

The great mass of popular opinion believed whole heartedly in the hero of Khartoum, but his colleagues in the Cabinet had lost their respect for and faith in him. Therein lay the tragedy of Kitchener, in the opinion of Lord Esher. "The mortifying contrast between the place he occupied in public esteem and what he knew to be the inner mind of those earnest men whom he vainly tried to influence and guide, compose the tragedy of Lord Kitchener, the nemesis of his past triumphs."

Although the faults of Kitchener were manifold he accomplished a great deal and perhaps more than any man deserves credit for stemming the German tide. At least for the first eighteen months of the war, Lord Esher believes, that Kitchener was the most imposing and vital factor.

"There are moments in Kitchener's life which I like to remember," concludes the author, "his gentleness at Khartoum when he stood on the spot where Gordon fell; his growling admission to a friend, who, like him, had cried when the mutiny veterans marched past at Lord Curzon's Durbar; the tone of his voice when he spoke of 'Birdie' the joy of battle in his eyes as described by one who saw him in the front trenches at Anzac; and, finally, my own memory of him as I saw him at Calais, when I had driven through a wild storm from Hazebrouck—great gusts of wind sweeping over the gloomy town—where he was meeting, in one of the last full discussions, the political leaders of the Western Powers."

GEORGE KENT

Memoirs of U. S. Grant's Granddaughter

MY LIFE HERE AND THERE. By Princess Cantacuzene, Countess Spéranskey, née Grant. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE granddaughter of Gen. Grant, born in the White House in 1876, has found her life varied and deeply interesting, and she has been privileged to see the great spectacle of the European panorama for the past thirty years from a place of great advantage. Her father's appointment by President Harrison as America's representative at the Austrian court came when she was in her thirteenth year, and marked the first step into her European experience. Her reminiscences go back almost to babyhood, and the extraordinary simplicity of her narrative, which must inevitably remind the reader of the marvellous clarity and directness of the memoirs of her grandfather, charms the reader and disarms his occasional impulse to note some unusual bit of naïveté. Nearly all the chapters in this unaffected chronicle have had a vast circle of readers in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and not a few who have enjoyed that reading will be glad to have them in their present collected form.

From beginning to end the limpid clarity of the delightfully straightforward narrative dominates the reader's impression of this singularly charming record. Its native freedom from effort is reflected in the few words prefixed to the volume, in the course of which she writes of her work: "It pretends to no value save as being a sincere first hand impression of people and events in themselves often important, among whom and through which I lived an interesting life till the period of the world war. I have written entirely from memory, possessing no documents by which I could verify my recollections, but from the comments of witnesses who have written to me I believe my assertions will be generally found correct." And the dedication to her children is in perfect key: "To Mike, Bertha and Ida, this tale of their mother's youth and of their own is offered in memory of the happy days spent together."

No part of these extended memoranda exceeds in charm the details of her little-girlhood, which reflects the childish simplicity of the impressions made upon her at the time they happened. The record covering the last months of Gen. Grant's life are equally pointed and informing. And when she writes of her life in Vienna, from her first party frock to her presentation at court, the same quaint perfection of limpid narrative frames the more notable incidents. The same quality shines through all her narrative of her life in the great northern empire, among whose ancient traditions she found that her sincere American personality was far more readily composed and settled than could have seemed possible. This granddaughter of an American President and daughter of an American General comes of the stock which had possessed the traditions of the founders

Princess Cantacuzene

of the Republic, and her own spirit still preserves them.

A paragraph in the chapter called "Going Home," in which she tells of the family's return to the United States, when she was about 20 years of age, reflects this idea. She has been detailing the events of the Spanish-American war as they affected the Grants; her father, at forty-eight years of age, insisted upon joining the forces, and his daughter writes:

"Why, father held that in a government of the people such as ours was all must take a share of responsibility and effort. He set an example in this matter. He was greatly distressed at the way the strong, fine elements of the country, and especially those of Anglo-Saxon blood who had originated its ideals, were standing back, letting less worthy men hold power. He thought those who had come recently to our shores, though ill prepared and needing education, were unduly allowed to influence our laws.

"He hated the vice and sluggishness which had crept into public life, poisoning the nation, and he had a deep contempt for those who—thinking only of material gain—left all national affairs to men lacking in patriotism. Never did he lack faith and patience; and, all devotion to his country, he never felt able to go into anything merely for his own advantage. A fortune decidedly modest satisfied my father, but though he preached economy and industry to his children, he was always glad to join us in any simple, healthful pleasure, and was our best educator and adviser."

In the autumn of 1898 the young woman was invited to join her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, with their two young sons, to spend the winter in Italy and Egypt. The opportunity for this travel "enchanted" her, and her mother—who had reared her in the careful way which is now called "absurd"—consented to let her go. That winter in Rome she first saw Prince Cantacuzene, and after a few weeks' acquaintance became engaged to him. They were married in Newport that autumn. A portrait made in 1907 shows a woman of brilliant beauty. The record of her life in Russia is fascinating, yet all is told with the same delicious girlish simplicity of phrase. Writing of some court balls at St. Petersburg, she remarks: "I dressed for these parties with feelings of elation, donning my best clothes and knowing it was all pleasure for me." And her descriptions of all the details of these great assemblies, even to the minutiæ of many uniforms and of court procedure, give evidence of an astonishing memory. Her memories of the young Empress Alexandra are becomingly respectful, of course, but are tinged with deep regret for the alien influence which was gradually separating Nicholas and Alexandra from the genuine devotion of the great mass of the Russian people, as well as from the most thoroughly loyal and worthy members of the court circle.

These remarkable chapters are among the most important of contemporary memoirs. Certainly none can be more frank and entertaining.

A Novel Proclamation

STATE OF ARKANSAS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

I HAVE been reading "The Day of Faith," the great allegory, by Arthur Somers Roche, with its theme, "My Neighbor is Perfect," and its unique vision of a universal day of faith dedicated to the heart of man. One wishes that the author philosopher's simple faith could be translated from the pages of his book into actuality, for the President has invited the great Powers to a disarmament conference, and once more the peoples of the world thrill to an ancient hope. Idealism renews its battle against so-called practicality. This time idealism must not fail!

Greed and hatred, in the daily affairs of man, in his industrial order and in his international relations, have brought about a collapsing civilization which testifies to man's inability to check material maladies with material remedies. We must have faith!

Shall we travel eternally the vicious circle that, beginning in preparation ends in war, to begin again in new preparation? We must have faith!

We are taught that man is made in the image of his Maker; yet, even as the heart accepts that mighty truth, the brain whispers to the heart the false word, "Impractical," and the sword flashes from the ready sheath.

Civilization, warned by experience, must not again challenge fate with only the puny powers of the hand and brain. It must not rely solely upon contracts whose intent is of the mind, and whose fulfilment rests upon discredited force. It must turn to the human heart; for deep in the human heart is faith.

The churches, preaching their noble message, have not existed in vain. The truth which they have instilled in the heart of man is none the less truth because the difficulties of daily living have seemed insurmountable, nor because the clashing ambitions of nations have erected walls of hatred between man and man.

We must have faith, but shall we keep faith locked in the heart, as though we were ashamed of it? Shall we not, rather, in this frightful crisis of the world's history, release it and let the heart attempt what the brain and hand have failed to achieve—the rule of peace? The time has come, therefore, I Thomas C. McRae, Governor of the State of Arkansas, do hereby declare and set aside Tuesday, the first day of November, A. D., 1921, as a legal holiday, to be known as the Day of Faith; and mindful of the tragical years behind, and of the dreadful potentialities of the future I do enjoin all good citizens on that day to offer prayer for the success of the disarmament conference; to acknowledge the rights and virtues of their neighbor, whatsoever be his nation, his race, or his creed; and as evidence of that faith which is within them, at the hour of noon on such Day of Faith, reverently to speak the allegorical words "My Neighbor Is Perfect," hoping, without self-righteousness, that where Arkansas dares to lead, the world may not fear to follow.

THOMAS C. McRAE,
October 1, 1921. Governor.

Meredith Nicholson has become for the first time a full-fledged dramatist. His first original three act play, "Honor Bright," written in collaboration with Kenyon Nicholson, was presented in Indianapolis recently by the Stuart Walker Company.